

*To S. J. Haush, Esq.*

OF THE

SEVENTH OHIO CAVALRY.

# A VESPER SONG

FOR OUR  
VOLUNTEERS' SISTERS.

— BY —

**R. STEWART TAYLOR,**



CHICAGO.

Published by **ROOT & CADY, 95 Clark Street.**

WM. HALL & SON, New York.

HENRY TOLMAN & CO., Boston.

S. BRAINARD & CO., Cleveland. J. H. WHITEMORE, Detroit.

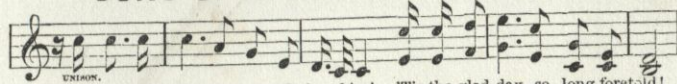
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## "SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS."



"A thousand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long foretold!  
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In a noble style, depicting the future of our nation in a way that strengthens our hopes, and fills us with new resolves. The Solo is adapted to voices of medium range, and the Chorus to mixed or men's voices, as may be convenient.

**Price—25 cents.**

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!  
Fling to the winds you needless fears!  
He who unfurl'd your beauteous banner,  
Says it shall wave a thousand years!

Chorus—"A thousand years!" my own Columbia!  
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!  
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight  
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds, one little moment,  
Hide the blue sky where morn appears,  
When the bright sun, that tints them crimson,  
Rises to shine a thousand years? Chorus.

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!  
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;  
Tell the oppressed of every nation  
Jubilee lasts a thousand years. Chorus.

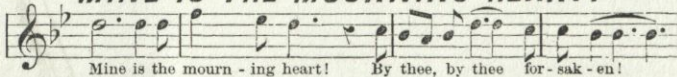
Envious foes, beyond the ocean!  
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;  
Little will they—our children's children—  
When you are gone a thousand years. Chorus.

Rebels at home! go hide your faces—  
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;  
You could not bind the blessed daylight,  
Though you should strive a thousand years. Chorus.

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!  
Down to your own degraded spheres!  
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine  
Shortens your lives a thousand years. Chorus.

Haste thee along, thou glorious Noonday!  
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!  
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons  
Each of his days a thousand years. Chorus.

## "MINE IS THE MOURNING HEART."



Mine is the mourn - ing heart! By thee, by thee for - sak - en!

Duett for Soprano and Tenor—by

**STEPHEN C. FOSTER.**

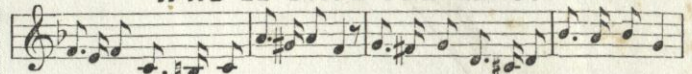
A charming composition of this remarkable melodist. It seems the best of his that we have seen for a long time.

**Price—25 cents.**

Thou hast roam'd under summer skies,  
Whilst I have weather'd the storm—  
I have pray'd that the angels fair  
Would shield thy pillow from harm.  
But thou wert gone! and none this soul  
From sadness could awaken—  
Mine is the mourning heart,  
By thee forsaken!

Thou hast whisper'd, in words of love,  
To other ears than mine—  
I have yielded to others' charms,  
But worshipp'd only thine.  
But ah! dost thou remember, love,  
Those sacred vows we've taken?  
Mine is the mourning heart, &c.

## "WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT!"



Over the stream they went, into the fight, Cutting their way on the left and the right  
A Battle Scene—Words by R. TOMPKINS—Music by

**GEO. F. ROOT.**

"To perpetuate the glory of the brave men of the Nineteenth Illinois, and their companions in arms, who fell at Murfreesboro'." This is a vivid description of the brilliant charge of the 19th, in response to Gen. Negley's call of "Who'll save the left?" in that memorable fight. Singers who have energetic voices and good descriptive and declamatory power, will produce great effect with this song.

**Price—50 cents.**

Through two long days the battle raged  
In front of Murfreesboro',  
And cannon balls tore up the earth  
As plow turns up the furrow—  
Brave soldiers by the hundred fell  
In fierce assault and sally,  
While bursting shell hiss'd, screamed and fell,  
Like demons in the valley.  
The Northman and the Southron met,  
In bold, defiant manner—  
Now victory perched on Union flag,  
And now on rebel banner.  
But see! upon the Union's left,  
Bear down in countless numbers,  
With shouts that seem to wake the hills  
From their eternal slumbers;  
The rebel hosts, whose iron rain  
Beats down our weaker forces,  
And covers all the battle plain  
With torn and mangled corpses—  
Still onward press the rebel hordes  
More boldly, fiercer, faster,  
But Negley's practiced eye discerns  
The swift and dread disaster.  
"WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT?" his voice rang out  
Above the roar of battle,  
"The Nineteenth!" shouted Colonel Scott,  
Amid the musket's rattle;  
"The Nineteenth be it—Make the charge!"  
Quick as the word was given,  
The Nineteenth fell upon the foe  
As lightning falls from heaven.

Over the stream they went, into the fight,  
Cutting their way on the left and the right,  
Unheeding the storm of the shot and the shell,  
Unheeding the fate of their comrades who fell—  
Onward they sped like the fierce lightning's flash—  
Onward they sped with a tornado's crash—  
Onward they sped like the bolts of the thunder,  
Resistlessly crushing the rebel hosts under;  
Till wild in their terror they scattered and fled,  
Leaving heaps upon heaps of their dying and dead—  
And the shout that went up, with the set of the sun,  
Told the charge was triumphant, the great battle won.

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# VESPER SONG FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS' SISTERS.

R. STEWART TAYLOR.

PIANO FORTE.



1. We are  
2. There's a  
3. As a  
4. But if

The second system of the piano introduction continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, leading into the vocal entry.

sit - ting by the cot - tage door, brother! In the hush of the twi - light's spell; We are  
faint - ly grow - ing fringe of light, brother! Where the sun late - ly sank from view; And the  
watcher counts the mo - ments' flight, brother! Till a long wea - ry night shall cease; So thro'  
ere that glorious morn shall come, brother; When with vic - t'ry the strife shall close, And the

The third system of the piano introduction continues the melody and accompaniment, providing a steady harmonic foundation for the vocal parts.



gath-er'd as in days of yore, brother! With a song bid-ding day fare-well: But there's a  
 gen-tle Shep-herd-ess of night, brother! Leads her flock thro' the fields of blue. But e-ven  
 all this fear-ful war's deep night, brother! We have watch'd for a morn of peace. And with our  
 he-roes of the war come home, brother! Wearing lau-rels up-on their brows. O, then to

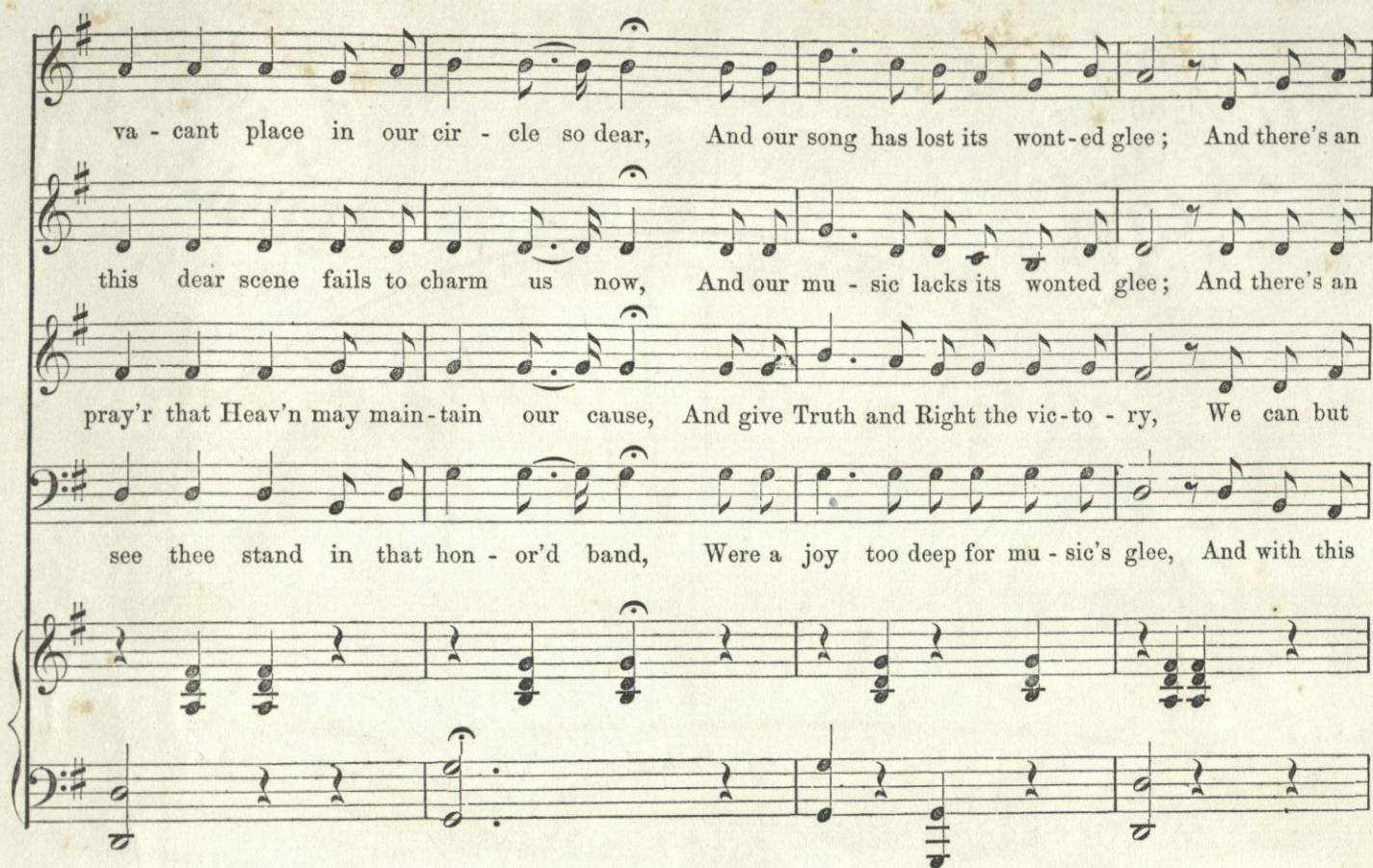
va-cant place in our cir-cle so dear, And our song has lost its wont-ed glee; And there's an  
 this dear scene fails to charm us now, And our mu-sic lacks its wont-ed glee; And there's an  
 pray'r that Heav'n may main-tain our cause, And give Truth and Right the vic-to-ry, We can but  
 see thee stand in that hon-or'd band, Were a joy too deep for mu-sic's glee, And with this

**CHORUS.**

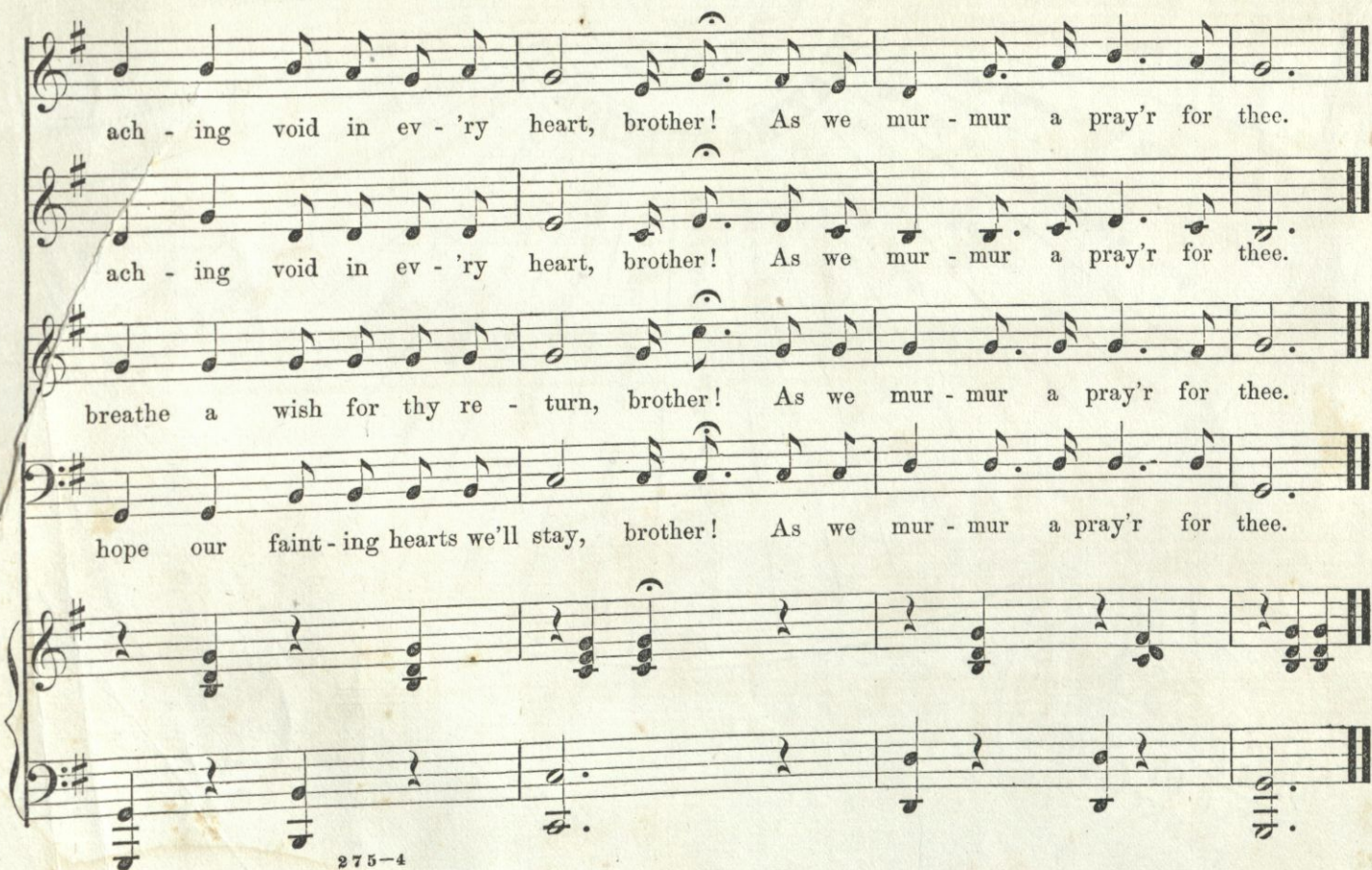
ach-ing void in ev-'ry heart, brother! As we mur-mur a pray'r for thee. Yes, there's a  
 ach-ing void in ev-'ry heart, brother! As we mur-mur a pray'r for thee. Yes, e-ven  
 breathe a wish for thy re-turn, brother! As we mur-mur a pray'r for thee. Yes, with our  
 hope our faint-ing hearts we'll stay, brother! As we mur-mur a pray'r for thee. Yes, then to

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ach - ing void in ev - 'ry heart, brother! As we mur - mur a pray'r for thee.  
 ach - ing void in ev - 'ry heart, brother! As we mur - mur a pray'r for thee.  
 breathe a wish for thy re - turn, brother! As we mur - mur a pray'r for thee.  
 hope our faint-ing hearts we'll stay, brother! As we mur - mur a pray'r for thee.

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